

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

DEEP PLOWING.

SIR: I have just read your article on plowing,

which I endorse by relating a fact in my own experience. After serving my apprenticeship in a country store, and with a fair knowledge of farming,

or reading on the subject, (this was 26 years ago, when there in the book was to be found some anything in

print on the subject.) I commenced farming. My first attempt was in a field of twenty acres, which for

years had been managed, or rather mismanaged, by one of that class of plowmen to which you refer. The

soil was a sandy loam, a light soil, and had always been tilled on the surface, without any manure or

clover. I commenced plowing it in June, and plowed deep. The old farmers in the neighborhood inquired

what I was going to do with it? I replied, sow it with wheat. Poor boy, said they, you know nothing about

farming; you are just throwing away your labor and your seed. That land cannot grow wheat. Why

it's so poor that mullen won't grow on it. Take our advice, and don't waste your time and money by sow-

ing wheat on that land. I rejected their advice, plowed my ground deep three times, rolled my seed in

plaster, and sowed it: in the spring sowed plaster broadcast at the rate of half bushel to the acre. The

result was, though not a great crop, yet the best in the township: 300 bushels of good wheat and the next

season the white clover, which came in without seed, afforded a fine crop of Hay, and left the ground in good shape for another crop of wheat. If I had fol-

good order for another crop of wheat. If I had followed the example of my predecessor, plowed three bushels and sowed buckwheat, I might have got 100

bushels, and my ground been left poorer than ever.
 Exeter, Co. Pa. July 29, 1854.

BROADWAY NUISANCES.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune
SIR: People who have to ride down Broadway at

from 7 to 8 o'clock are seriously annoyed every morning by the sickening stench emitted from the numerous

leads of swill and garbage in open carts and wagons, which are at that hour met with going up. The writer

for one has on several recent occasions—and particu-
larly this morning—felt quite sick after inhaling the

effluvia from some half dozen loads met with at and for a short distance below Union-square.

Carts or wagons with tight boxes should alone be permitted to gather such offal. ZED.

THE LATE MURDER OF A LONG-SHOREMAN

Coroner Hilton yesterday held an inquest at the New

York Hospital upon the body of Michael Coyne, the Longshoreman who was so brutally beaten on Sunday night.

on pier 14 N. R., and who died the following day. A
rigid investigation was instituted when it appeared in

evidence that one Nicholas Dunn, a hand on board the Philadelphia steamboat Knickerbocker, was quarreling

with Coyne on the above pier on Sunday night when he called for help upon which John Cochrane, a hand on

the same steamboat, struck deceased upon the head with a piece of wood called a sparator bar. Some persons inter-

1 On the night of the 21st, Long Island Sound was watered with